

# Washington's Americanized Foreign Colony

By EDWARD B. CLARK



Mrs. HENRY CHENG, WIFE OF THE CHINESE MINISTER.



MADAME CHAN-YIN-TANG, WIFE OF THE CHINESE MINISTER.



MADAME JUSSERAND



BARONESS UCHIDA, WIFE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR.



MADAME HAVENITH, WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER.



JUAN RIANO, SPANISH MINISTER.

It needs no intimate knowledge of statecraft to let one know that foreign governments, when other things are equal among candidates, are careful to select as their ministers or ambassadors to the United States men who know something about conditions in this great democracy, either through previous subordinate service here in the diplomatic corps, or, as someone has put it, through the medium of marriage, for an astonishingly great number of the foreigners accredited to Uncle Sam's capital are the happy husbands of American wives.

In one or two cases in which the wives of the diplomats are not of American birth, they are of American education, and this has been true in many instances of the helpmates of the men who have come from the Orient to represent their newly awakened countries in a land where liberty has lived for something over a century.

Take it all in all the foreign colony in Washington is interesting, not only in its work, but in its personnel, official and family. Baron Uchida, the Japanese ambassador, was chosen for his post in part at least because once upon a time he had served in a junior capacity as an attaché of his government's legation in the American capital. Moreover, his wife, the Baroness Uchida, received her entire education in the United States. She is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, and it is rather the usual thing for her to leave Washington and society and diplomatic demands behind her to spend a few days each month under the hospitable roof of her alma mater.

There are seven members of the Japanese embassy in Washington, but only one besides the ambassador has with him his wife. Madame Keishiro Matsui, the wife of the counselor of the embassy, resides with her husband at the capital. There are said to be some "new women" in Japan and it may be that when the Baroness Uchida and Madame Matsui return to their native country they may look upon the new movement among their sisters as one not wholly to be condemned, even in an oriental land where woman's subjection to their lord and master, man, is supposed to be complete. These two Japanese women have taken an extraordinary interest in the woman's suffrage movement and moreover they are keenly alive to everything which pertains to the higher education of women. The Pennsylvania education of Madame Uchida gave her something more than what the world is accustomed to call book learning.

Only recently the minister from Belgium to the United States, the Count de Buisserot, was transferred to his country's legation at St. Petersburg. The count and countess, his wife, lived in the American capital for a long time and here it was that their daughter was born, an event which was a cause for great rejoicing, for previous to the arrival of the little girl the Buisserots had been blessed only with boys, of whom there were five to help pack the trunks the other day for the journey to the capital of the czar's empire.

The Countess de Buisserot is an American. She is the daughter of General Storey of California, whose family for a great many years resided in Washington. Count de Buisserot has been succeeded as Belgian minister by Mr. E. Havenith, who comes to Washington from Peru. Mr. Havenith is also married to an American woman who, prior to her wedding, was Miss Helen Foulke, daughter of the late Charles Foulke of Washington. Mr. Havenith at one time was a junior attaché of the legation in Washington and here he met, wooed and married Miss Foulke.

It seems like a string of coincidences, but the fact that three Belgian ministers in succession have had American wives is much more than mere coincidence. The predecessor of the Count de Buisserot was the Baron Moncheur, whose wife also is an American, the daughter of General Powell Clayton, former United States minister to Mexico. Baron Moncheur has been twice married, his first wife, like his second, being an American woman.

There are many reasons advanced for the selection of diplomats with American wives for the American service, but the underlying reason undoubtedly is that with an American wife a diplomat more quickly gets in touch with American methods, manners and habit of thought and thereby at once becomes of greater service to his government.

Mr. Jules Jusserand, the French ambassador to the United States, probably is more familiar with the American spirit than any other man now representing a foreign government in Washington, unless it be James Bryce, the British ambassador, of whom it is only necessary to say that he wrote "The American Commonwealth," in order to give one an understanding of how closely this subject of King George has studied American political and economic conditions.

France is a republic and there are no better Republicans than Jules Jusserand. He has a keen

sense of humor. It was not long ago that American generosity and patriotism moved some citizens to present to France a statue of George Washington. This statue, erected in a city of France, confronts a statue of the "Grand Monarch" Louis XIV. Now Louis, as the world knows, was a great believer in the divine right of kings, while George Washington was the American who did a good deal toward shattering faith in the God-given right of monarchs to rule as they would.

Mr. Jusserand's observations on the probable thoughts of Louis XIV. as he gazes day after day into the countenance of George Washington, are well worth publication.

The French ambassador's wife would have been an American were it not for the fact that her American parents chose France as their long abiding place and there in the capital city Madame Jusserand was born. To all intents and purposes she is an American. Her father was C. T. Richards of Boston.

If the idea still persists in some places that the sending of ambassadors who have American wives to Washington is merely accidental, let it be said that the present minister from Spain, Senor de Riano, has an American wife, and his predecessor, the Duc d'Arcos, also led an American woman to the altar. Senora de Riano before her marriage was Miss Alice Ward. She lived with her grandmother, Mrs. John Ward, on Connecticut avenue in this city. Senor Riano at the

time of his marriage was, if he will forgive the expression, an underling in his country's legation. He left here with his wife to accept a higher post abroad and finally he was made the Spanish minister to France. Now he is back in the native city of his wife as the head of an embassy in which once he was a subordinate.

The American spirit seems to take hold of foreigners as soon as they reach this country. The ambassadors, ministers and attaches who have young children, almost invariably send them to the public schools, to the dismay of the preceptors and preceptresses of the private schools which are attended by the children of many rich Americans, who for some reason seem to prefer the private institutions of learning to those which are equipped and managed by the public.

The minister from Costa Rica is Senor Don Joaquin Bernardo Calvo. He has a big family which, with the minister himself, represents a small country, thriving however it is said, even though its geographical limits are not widely extended. The Calvo family is one after Theodore Roosevelt's heart. There are twelve children in it. From father and mother down to the youngest child, a little girl four years old, every member of this Costa Rican family

plays some kind of a musical instrument. They have a family orchestra with the father leading at the almost daily performance. The violin, the violoncello, the harp, guitar, the flute, the flageolet, the drum, the piano, and the mandolin, all working together manage to get into a harmony like unto that which marks the Calvo relations.

Every one of the Calvo progeny either has had or is getting an American public school education, one of the boys by special permission of the United States government, having been given an opportunity to perfect himself in military science at West Point.

Mr. Chang Yin Tang is the Chinese minister at Washington. Mr. Chang brought with him to Washington his wife, Madame Chang, and three daughters. His son, Mr. Henry Chang, was sent to this country years in advance of the coming of his parents in order to perfect himself in American ways and to acquire an American education. He is at present studying at the George Washington university. Not long ago there was a wedding at the Chinese legation, the groom being Mr. Henry K. Chang and the bride Miss Isabel Tong. Miss Tong, now Mrs. Chang, is the daughter of Ton Shoa Yi, who was sent as a special ambassador by China to this country two years ago to thank the United States for the remission of the Boxer indemnity.

When Minister Chang came to Washington, he brought with him in addition to his family, two daughters of his friend, Mr. Tong. Young Mr. Chang promptly fell in love with Miss Tong and as has been said they recently were wedded at the legation and the wedding is declared by those who were blighted to see it to have been one of the most picturesque and sumptuous ceremonies ever performed in America.

she has had enough of this," he so eloquently declared.

And as if by a mental message received across the garden, the old organ began the very song he had dreamed.

"This is too much," he said, as he went indoors and sought quiet in the cottage parlor. His temper was rising.

"Mr. Titus," began a voice in the doorway when he was becoming interested in a magazine, "I wonder if you wouldn't like to escort me tonight. My brother unfortunately cannot go and—well, I thought perhaps you would see that I got safely to church and back."

Miss Patience Parsons was the spinster of the household of which Titus was a temporary member, and he could not refuse so small a request from a woman whose joys in life had been so evidently few.

"I'll be only too glad, Miss Parsons," he said, smiling bravely.

Miss Parsons stepped in and beamed down upon him. "I am sure you'll enjoy the meeting—it's the semi-annual temperance meeting of our church, and we have special speakers and stereopticon views for this evening," she said enthusiastically.

Titus groaned inwardly. Then—suddenly everything became clear to him and he knew that he must sit through all the verses of "Father, dear father," again. The person next door had been practicing for the meeting.

Too courteous to show his displeasure, Titus told the spinster that he would no doubt find it a most interesting evening.

Then ensued a dissertation by Miss Parsons on temperance. She exhibited proudly her white ribbon.

Tea time cut short Miss Parsons' remarks, and afterward she, escorted by her young friend, found her way to the pretty village church at the foot of the hill.

Pretty girls with their Sunday beaux were strolling toward the vine-covered building from every direction, and Titus and Miss Parsons found themselves in the midst of a crowd of young people at the church doors.

Though far from interested, Titus listened attentively to the speakers and took part in the pretty service of the church. He even raised his splendid tenor voice to its best pitch and joined in the hymns of the evening.

At last the organ struck up the tune

# Temper and Temperance

By CLARA INEZ DEACON

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John Titus whiled away the first Sunday afternoon of his vacation on the porch of the little cottage where he was a paying guest. The greatest excitement of the still afternoon in the primitive Maine village seemed to be the passing of country lads with their lassies in the family buckboard. For a time John Titus was interested, but presently, his handkerchief thrown across his face for protection from flies and their ilk, he dropped off into a peaceful slumber.

Softly the strains of music began to issue from the windows of the house next door. An old-time organ was being played in accompaniment to a woman's voice. (At first it seemed to the dozing man that he was dreaming, but as the strains became more familiar he removed the handkerchief from his face and sat up.)

"No—it can't be," he said, almost audibly. Then he turned in the direction of the sound and listened attentively.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now," ran the song, "the clock in the steeple strikes three."

The young man slapped his knee vigorously. "Am I awake?" he asked himself. "Or can it be that some one really sings that song yet? It seems incredible."

But the voice ran on even to the incident of "poor brother Benny." Then the singer, evidently loving to hear her own voice, began again at the beginning and sang the old song over to its melancholy end.

After a while, though the voice that sang was unusually sweet, it began to get on John Titus's nerves and he paced the porch.

"I suppose she will sing 'Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' when



Whiled Away the Afternoon.

he had been dreading, but when he looked up to see who was to sing the song—who it was that he had listened to that afternoon with such irritable patience—he was taken back. Standing on the platform by the side of the great sheet on which were being thrown the stereopticon views stood a beautiful girl. Titus rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes—beautiful was hardly the word; she was far more than that. No wonder her voice had sounded sweet in the afternoon.

The girl stood there and sang until there was hardly a dry eye in the room, and with every verse that she sang Titus fell more deeply a slave to her charms. She was so simple—so good—so different from girls he knew back in the city.

Then a happy thought came to him—she lived next door. Perhaps he might meet her—even on the morrow.

The rest of the meeting was anything but long to him. He feasted his eyes on the girl and was sorry when the little minister had pronounced his final benediction, and he, with Miss Parsons, was being elbowed about by the departing crowds.

On the way home he asked about the girl who had sung.

"That is Miss True," his companion told him. "She is at home for her vacation and we begged her to sing for us tonight. She is studying music in the city."

"She has a wonderful voice," Titus said, trying to keep his own tones from sounding too enthusiastic.

"I'll tell her you think so," Miss Parsons laughed.

Miss Parsons told everything she heard, so Titus had learned in his few days' residence in the house.

When they reached home he heard voices on the porch next door. There was laughing, and Titus wished he might join the gay party. He heard the rippling notes of the girl's voice and all night he dreamed of them.

It was at breakfast the next morning that he again ventured to speak of her.

"Oh, here she comes, now," cried Miss Parsons. "She's bringing over the eggs. I'll tell her what you said," the spinster giggled. Having been deprived of romance in her own life, she immediately scented the beginning of one here.

"I did enjoy your—voice," Titus found himself saying, after he had acknowledged the introduction.

The girl laughed. "You save yourself," she said, with a reproving finger raised toward him; "you say—my voice. Can you honestly say you enjoyed the song?" she asked.

Titus joined her laughter. "As you sang it—yes," he admitted. "Though I didn't think any one in the world ever sang it any more."

"Did you ever cry over it when you were little?" she asked.

"I did," John Titus confessed.

"Then we're even, aren't we? We have something in common with—"

he thought she was going to say "each other," but she continued—"the whole world."

After a half hour the girl asked Titus how long he intended to remain in the little village.

"For a month," he told her quickly, though only that afternoon he had decided that it was too slow and uninteresting to spend even another week in.

When the month was up he took home with him the promise of Margery True to be his wife.

**New Kind of Snake Story.**

The subject was snakes, and C. J. Young of Talbot avenue remarked: "Rattlesnakes are by no means extinct in Indiana. We have two well-defined species, the prairie or swamp rattler, a short, thick snake, and the rattler that makes his home in the woods or among the rocks and is longer, slenderer and more active. There are yet many rattlers in the prairie lands of this state and Illinois."

"A good many years ago I paid a visit to a relative in Illinois. He was breaking up some new prairie ground and was plowing with oxen. The place was alive with rattlers. He had protected the legs of his oxen with sheepskins with the wool turned out, and he had protected his own legs in the same manner. When a rattler would strike he would hang by his hooked teeth caught in the wool. He carried a club attached to the plow and no snake ever got away."—Indianapolis News.

**Population of Europe.**

Census returns show that the density of population of European countries is as follows: Belgium, 642 inhabitants per square mile; England, 557; Netherlands, 451; Germany, 306; Italy, 306; Austria, 241; Switzerland, 220; France, 202; Russia in Europe, 194; Denmark, 171; Hungary, 163; Turkey in Europe, 155; Serbia, 150; Portugal, 148; Scotland and Ireland, 137; Greece, 132; Roumania, 177, and Spain, 101.

**World's Longest Aqueduct.**

The longest aqueduct on earth is now under construction for Los Angeles. It will bring about 260,000,000 gallons of water per day from the Sierras, 240 miles across deserts through tunnels (one of them five miles long), dipping into the canons by siphons.

## Stenographic Work Is a Good Developer

"The demand for strictly first-class stenographers," said a man acquainted with the business, "is greater than the supply. In this profession, as in every other, while there is apt to be an over-supply of those less well equipped, there is always room at the top. But a man should not be satisfied even there.

"There are stenographers who look on stenography as an end, who are content if they can get on in that; where as it should be looked on as a means to an end. The stenographer can't know too much, no study or reading comes amiss to him; if he were possessed of all knowledge he would some day find it all useful to him in his profession; but he doesn't want to stop at that.

"If he has the knowledge and if he also has tact and good sense and downright ability as well as a really expert knowledge of stenography he will some day find himself in the employ of a man of affairs and getting not only good pay but

getting besides a knowledge of business that is sure to be vastly more profitable to him.

"A stenographer in the employ of such a man soon comes to have more real knowledge of the business than the bookkeeper or the cashier or the manager. He knows it from the inside and from the top and if he proves to be a man of discretion and sound judgment as well as ability he is more and more trusted; and as his ability comes to be more and more clearly shown he finds himself in due time a partner or a manager, promoted to a higher post because at such a post his ability can be employed to still greater advantage.

"It is a fine thing to be a really expert stenographer, but the man with the brains and ability for that should have an ideal, an ambition for higher worth still, as in fact many such stenographers do have, an ambition that sooner or later they realize. Some of the biggest men in business began life as stenographers."